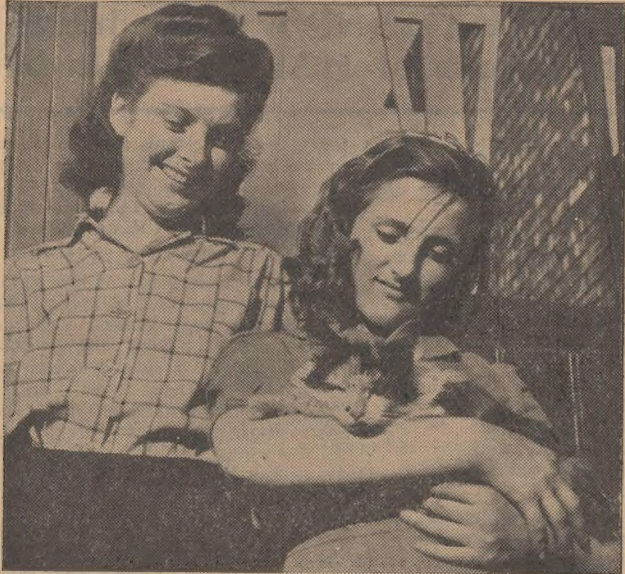


Good Morning 697

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Following Footsteps of P.O. Bert Downing

THERE'S a big welcome waiting for you at 42, Pine Road, Barrow, Sto. P.O. Bert Downing, and the whole family will be there to greet you when you return.

Jean had just returned from her music lesson when the "G.M." called. "She's following in Bert's footsteps as far as music goes," your Mother informed us.

You wouldn't know the old homestead now, Bert, for since you were last there the place has had a thorough overhaul. Glass is back in the windows, wood-work has been repainted, the ceilings have been put right again, and everything looks to be in perfect ship-shape condition.

The whole family went to Ambleside on one of Father's days off. They had a simply glorious time, but are eagerly looking forward to the day when you can be with them on their trips once more.

Jack, Rona, and Baby Barry are fine; they are going to hold the christening back, you know, until you are home to be the godfather.

Everyone looks very well

indeed, and they all send you their love and best wishes. Good luck, Bert, to you and the rest.

Bath Water ready for Sig. Charles Moyes

YOU probably have good cause to remember Mr. Parker, L-Sig. Charles Moyes. You know, the chap who comes with a large bundle of sticks, pushes them up the chimney and covers the furniture with soot. Anyway, your mother and father were awaiting this necessary but uncomfortable character when we called on them at 15, Quick-road, Chiswick, to get some home news for you.

Molly is full of the joy of living, and sends all her love, together with a wish for your speedy return home so that you can be together again. She is especially looking forward to the time when you

and Ron will be able to go with her to the Chiswick open-air baths once more.

Talking of Ron reminded your dad of something. He said we should tell you that "Ron is where he can get plenty of coconuts without throwing balls at them!" Suppose you get the point!

George and Harry are well, and wish you all the best, but while George is finding life very exciting, Harry says he's had enough of foreign countries and will be glad when he can get back home.

That feeling is probably accounted for by the fact that he wants to get back to see those two sons of his. Bobby and Allen must be fine boys now.

Ron Richards' Civvy Street Guide Sport can be a Blind Alley

THIS week my guest expert is W. H. Millier, celebrated journalist-sportsman.

Few people have been closer to the core of sport than Bill; he knows all the answers because he learned the hard way. To-day he gives you information that will be invaluable if you want to take up a sporting career.

RON RICHARDS has already dealt with several professions, and this week I have been asked to deal in a similar way with sport. I have already done this in "Good Morning" to a certain degree. However, I will take this opportunity to amplify certain aspects.

If it is undesirable for us to become a nation of civil servants, and impracticable to aim at being a nation of shopkeepers, there is no reason why we should not be a nation of sportsmen. We like to think that we do come under this last-mentioned heading, and it will be a sad day for the Old Country when we have to confess that we do not tally with the label.

The ideal, of course, is sport for its own sake, meaning for the pleasure it gives. Nowadays we have to recognise the fact that sport has been so commercialised that many branches come into the category of big business. This is because a number of games and pastimes, which are somewhat loosely classified as sport, have gone over to the entertainment world and attract big crowds, which usually mean big money.

But it is only in certain branches of sporting entertainment where the performers gain large rewards. In view of the vast discrepancy between money taken at the gate and players' wages, it can only be said that the performers are rewarded by scandalously low pay.

If it is a good living that you are seeking in sport, then you are not likely to find it in professional football, that is to say, not as a player. One of the reasons why players have always been so poorly paid is that the supply (except in wartime) has exceeded the demand.

In normal times the average club has no difficulty in finding players, and many youngsters are so glad of the opportunity of figuring in club matches that they are quite willing to play for nothing, which is what we should expect in sport.

At the same time, the promotion of professional football is a highly remunerative business, and, as it depends for its success on the ability of the players, it is only right to say that, for all their personal enjoyment, the players should be given their fair share of the profits.

That they will continue to be paid on the lowest possible scale is as certain as that night follows day, so long as the supply exceeds the demand.

It is not as if glittering prizes are held out as an inducement to the brilliant performer. All are paid at the flat rate of £8 a week whether the player is a wonder of wonders or a flat-footed flounderer.

From the foregoing you will gather that I do not very strongly recommend football as a career. If you feel that you must play football in order to extract the last ounce of hap-

piness out of life, then you will be well advised to join a good amateur club and play to your heart's content. You will then do the job that brings in your bread and butter all the better for that.

There is no security in professional sport. You have to keep on the top of your form if you are to keep your means of livelihood, which perhaps is as well, otherwise the sport would soon cease to attract the crowd.

As a general rule, the champions in any branch of sport have been those who have quite early made up their minds what they wanted, and have surmounted every obstacle to get to the top. While it is by no means certain that the tremendous urge to succeed in one's chosen sport is sufficient to reach the heights, be sure that nobody will ever get to the top without it.

Even if you shine far above your fellow players in professional football, and may be responsible for attracting a large proportion of the crowd, the only satisfaction you will derive is the knowledge that you have earned your popularity, for you will not earn any more than the lazy player who loafs through the match.

Still, that is the hard-and-fast rule in professional soccer, and presumably will continue until the supply of players dwindles below the demand. Then, perhaps, the powers that be will open up and offer more inducement, but that possibility seems to be a long way off, when you consider that only in recent months the Football League has been solemnly debating whether they should

pay players the enormous sum of £4 per week during what they term the transitional period, or whether the payment shall be less.

At the full pay of £8 a week a professional footballer will find it difficult to keep pace with the dock labourer on today's valuation of the pound sterling.

It is not as if he can continue playing up to a ripe old age; far from it, as many players are considered too old at 30, and unless they can secure a job as coach or trainer, they soon find that football is a blind alley job.

I hate making comparisons with sport as it is conducted in this country and with the conditions ruling in America, but it may not be out of place here to mention that the pre-war pay of a football professional in the United States was £19 a week, and is probably much higher to-day.

Soccer is enjoying a boom in America at the present time and is even expected to last into peaceable days, which is

USELESS EUSTACE



"Well, we've got a good house-dog. Now all we want is a house to go with it!"

rather surprising for that land of ever-changing booms and slumps and new crazes.

Here, if you like, is a chance to cash in on your ability to make a pretty pass or shoot a sure goal. American soccer officials are thinking of inviting a number of English and Scottish players to help swell the box-office receipts, and they have proposed altering the rules to enable more foreign players than at present to be included in the teams. The rule was that no more than three foreign players could be included in any team.

You will see, then, that what this boils down to is that if you want to earn a good living out of professional football you will have to go to America.

You certainly will not find it here unless conditions are drastically changed in a very short time, which is most unlikely.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1



You are Warned, E.R.A. Ronald West!

"DESTRUCTION" was looking the time when she can ing at us through the window of 16, Melrose-avenue, Twickenham, when we called. E. R. A. Ronald West.

We learned that this is the family's nickname for your young nephew, Roger, but he was very well behaved while we were there.

There was, however, a very good attempt made to bring about the complete destruction of the black hearth rug by Sue, to those of the rest of the Roger's puppy. She may be getting tired of chewing rugs and Roger's ears, so be warned and look out when you get back!

Your mother is eagerly await-

Meanwhile, she sends her love and best wishes to you, and mentioned that Raymond, George, Allen and Joyce, in the W.A.A.F., are all well, and would like to wish you the very best of luck.

Your sister Winnie was at home with mother, and she, of course, added her good wishes to those of the rest of the family.

This prompted your mother to say that till you come back there's nobody to take her to the pictures, and also-nobody to do the garden!

DUTY before DECENCY

By CAPTAIN MARRYAT

THE *Harpy* was now entering the Straits, and expected to anchor the next day at Gibraltar, and Midshipman Jack Easy was forward on the fore-castle, talking with Mesty, the coloured cook, with whom he had contracted a minutes, sir, by my repeater," great friendship, for there was said the boatswain, "that I have nothing that Mesty would not sent for you"; and Mr. Biggs have done for Jack, although pulled out a huge silver watch, he had not been three weeks in almost as big as a Norfolk turnip.

Mesty had been a great man in his own country; he had suffered all the horrors of a passage in a slave ship. Escaping to England, he had regained his liberty, but not his equality; his colour had prevented the latter.

The boatswain, whose name was Biggs, was a slight dapper, active by his officer, trousers or no little man, who, as captain of the foretop, had shown an uncommon degree of courage in a hurricane, so much so, as to recommend him to the admiral for promotion. It was given to him; and after the ship to which he had been appointed was paid off, he had been ordered to join H.M. sloop *Harpy*.

Jack's conversation with Mesty was interrupted by the voice of

the boatswain, who was haranguing his boy. "It's now ten minutes, sir, by my repeater,"

"A Jew had sold him the watch with a second hand, telling him it was a repeater."

"If you please, sir," said the boy, "I was changing my trousers when you sent for me, and then I had to stow away my bag again."

"Silence, sir; I'd have you to know that when you are sent for by your officer, trousers or no trousers, it is your duty to come foretop, had shown an uncommon degree of courage in a hurricane, so much so, as to recommend him to the admiral for promotion. It was given to him; and after the ship to which he had been appointed was paid off, he had been ordered to join H.M. sloop *Harpy*.

"Without trousers, sir!" asked the boy.

"Yes, sir, without trousers; if the captain required me, I should come without my shirt. Duty before decency." So saying, the boatswain lays hold of the boy.

"Surely, Mr. Biggs," said Jack,

"you are not going to punish that boy for not coming up without his trousers!"

"Yes, Mr. Easy, I am—I must teach him a lesson. We are bound, now that new-fangled ideas are brought into the ship, to uphold the dignity of the service; and the orders of an officer are not to be delayed ten minutes and twenty seconds because a boy has no trousers on."

Whereupon the boatswain administered several smart cuts with his rattan upon the boy, proving that it was quite as well that he had put on his trousers before he came on deck.

"There," said Mr. Biggs, "is a lesson for you, you scamp—and, which was very brilliant, and, Mr. Easy, it is a lesson for you from the company of the officers, also," continued the boatswain, walking away with a most consequential air.

"Murder Irish!" said Mesty—"how him cut caper. De order day he hawl out de weather ear-ring, and touch him hat to a mid-shipman. Sure enough, make um retire."

The next day, the *Harpy* was at anchor in Gibraltar Bay; the captain went on shore, directing the gig to be sent for him before of the garrison asked Jack if he nine o'clock; after which hour would like to see a baboon, which the sally-port is only opened by special permission.

There happened to be a ball given by the officers of the garrison on that evening, and a polite invitation was sent to the officers of H.M. sloop *Harpy*.

As those who accepted the invitation would be detained late, it was not possible for them to come off that night. And as their services were required for

the next day, Captain Wilson allowed them to remain on shore until seven o'clock the next morning, at which hour, as there was a large party, there would be two boats sent for them.

Mr. Asper, the Second Lieutenant, obtained leave, and asked permission to take our hero with him; to which Mr. Sawbridge, brought into the ship, to uphold the First Lieutenant, consented. Many other officers obtained leave, and, among others, the boatswain, who, aware that his services would be in request as soon as the equipment commenced, asked permission for this evening. And Mr. Sawbridge, feeling that he could be better spared at this than at any other time, consented.

Asper and Jack went to an inn, dined, bespoke beds, and then dressed themselves for the ball, which was very brilliant, and, then returned on board. Jack behaved with his usual politeness, danced till two o'clock, and then, as the ball thinned, Asper proposed that they should shipman. Sure enough, make um retire."

Having once more applied to the refreshment-room, they had procured their hats, and were about to depart, when one of the officers the gig to be sent for him before of the garrison asked Jack if he nine o'clock; after which hour would like to see a baboon, which the sally-port is only opened by special permission.

Jack fed the brute till all the cakes were gone, and then, because he had no more to give him, the baboon flew at Jack, who, in making his retreat, fell back into the tank, which was about two feet deep.

No officer of the British Navy did so much for the Lower Deck as Captain Marryat, author of many romances of naval life in the last century. He caused abuses to be abolished, hardships to be lessened. Of his works, perhaps "Mr. Midshipman Easy" was best enjoyed by the Victorians, from which the following episode is taken, during the cruise of H.M. Sloop *Harpy*

This was a joke; and having laughed heartily, they wished the officer good-night, and went to the inn.

Now, what with the number of officers of the *Harpy* on shore, who had all put up at the same inn, and other occupants, the landlord was obliged to put his company into double and treble-bedded rooms; but this was of little consequence. Jack was shown into a double-bedded room, and proceeded to undress; the other was evidently occupied, by the heavy breathing which saluted Jack's ear.

As Jack undressed, he recollected that his trousers were wet through, and to dry them he opened the window, hung them out, and then jammed down the window again upon them, to hold them in their position, after which he turned in and fell fast asleep.

At six o'clock he was called, as he had requested, and proceeded to dress, but to his astonishment found the window thrown open and his trousers missing.

It was evident, that his partner in the room had thrown the window open during the night, and that his trousers, having fallen down into the street, had been walked off with by somebody or another.

Jack looked out of the window once more, and perceived that whoever had thrown open the window had been unwell during the night. A nice drunken companion I have had, thought he, but what's to be done? And in saying this, he walked up to the other bed, and perceived that it was tenanted by Mr. Biggs, the boatswain.

Well, thought Jack, as Mr. Biggs has thought proper to lose my trousers, I think I have a right to take his, or at least the wear of them to go on board. It was but last night he declared that decency must give way to duty, and that the orders of a superior officer were to be obeyed, with or without garments.

I know he is obliged to be on board, and now he shall try

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. A water-soldier is a marine, armed merchant sailor, water-beetle, plant?
2. What is the smallest English measure of length, and how big is it?
3. How should you play a piece of music marked "pianissimo"?

4. How should you pronounce the town of Barugh?
5. Of what are golf balls made?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Smoke, Steam, Gas, Vapour, Breath, Air.

Answers to Quiz in No. 696

1. Carp.
2. Sixty.
3. Increasingly softly.
4. Air-um.
5. Ash.
6. 1914 is not a leap year; others are.

Eating Through the Centuries

The ordinary man in the Middle Ages, who liked a varied diet and plenty of it, had a pretty thin time, that is between, say, 500 A.D. and 1500 A.D.

His mainstay would have to be bread—coarse brown or black bread which, no doubt, contained lots of vitamins, but little to tickle the palate (except the bits of bran that tickled everything from the palate, down).

If it was home-made, it was at least fresh and wholesome. But the bakers in the towns had the trick of mixing doubtful stuff with the meal, including chalk—and it was often short in weight.

If they were caught, they would be taken for a ride round town on a hurdle, with their short-weight loaves tied round their necks. And Mrs. Brown went somewhere else for her bread.

Milk was the next most constant thing on the countryman's menu—and cheese; and he could get eggs, an occasional piece of bacon and sometimes a chicken.

But of other meat, he had little chance—unless he took the risk of being hanged for poaching in the local landlord's streams or woods or parks.

He probably only got the taste of beer when the landlord threw a feast, but his usual drink was whey or buttermilk, or just plain, wet water.

The wealthier classes had a better time. The country landowner not only had as much meat as he wanted, except in winter-time when, there being no cold storage, he probably had to content himself with poultry and game.

He was able to enjoy luxuries from overseas, such as raisins and prunes. If he were a very lucky man he might even get a pot of marmalade for breakfast.

He washed down his meals with ale, wine, cider and mead.

The rich merchant was top-dog. He celebrated it by sitting down to three kinds of meat at dinner-time, and for supper would carve into a couple of joints, pigs' trotters and game, and follow up with cheese, puddings and, rarely, a little fruit.

On really special occasions, the list of foods occupying the cooks reads like a ship's cargo. When the Archbishop of York was enthroned in 1467, the kitchens handled, in addition to vast quantities of meat, fish, and game, 300 quarters of flour, 300 tuns of ale, 100 tuns of wine, 105 oxen, 6 wild bulls, 1,000 sheep, 304 calves, 304 pigs and 400 swans.

A curious feature of Middle Ages dietary is the almost complete absence of vegetables. Root crops were unknown, and about the only green vegetable in supply was the cabbage. But this was not, apparently, eaten neat. It was used as an ingredient for soups.

D. N. K. BAGNALL.

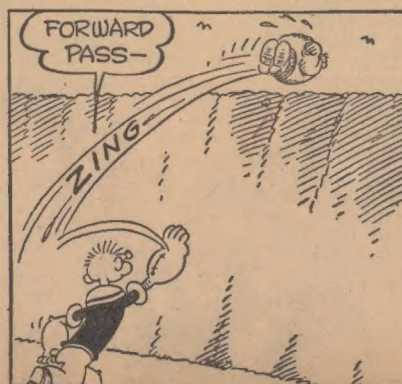
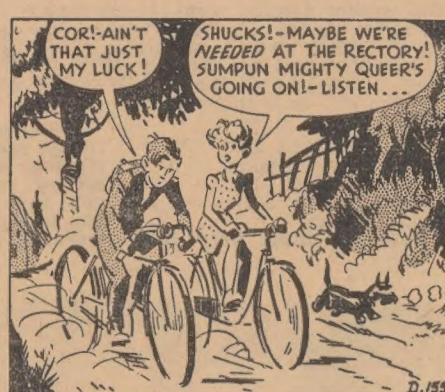
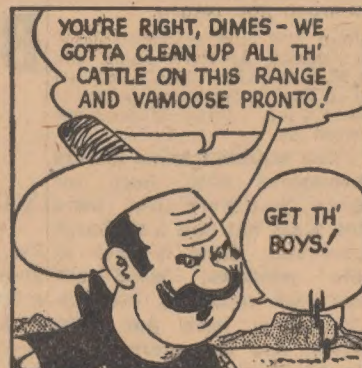
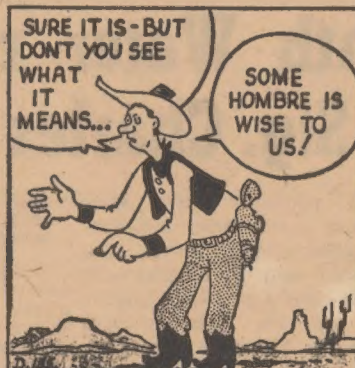
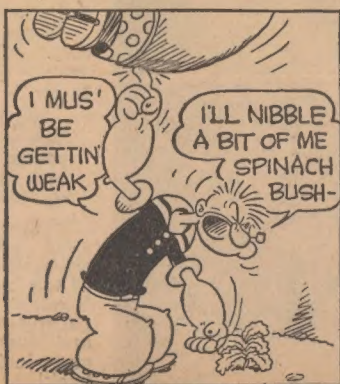
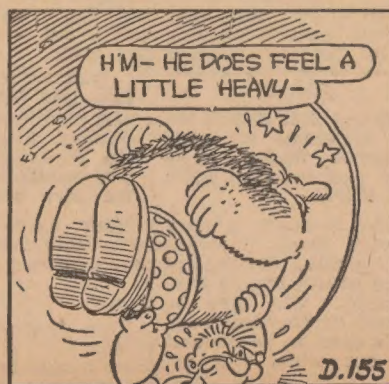
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 637

- 1. Behead a musical instrument and get a drink.
- 2. Insert the same letter seven times and make sense of: Rotheroeraongtheongawn.
- 3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: DOOR into JAMB.
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: Of all the — on the river, he is the biggest — and the least competent.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 636

- 1. C-lean.
- 2. An anna in the Andaman Islands amounts to a farthing.
- 3. MAT, rat, rut, RUG; HEIN, new, how, COW.
- 4. Bolster, lobster.

JANE



"May I present Miss Glamour Girl—World War 1!"

who was delighted, he went on deck, and waited the issue of the affair.

Before Jack left the hotel, he had told the waiter that there was the boatswain still fast asleep, and that he must be roused up immediately; and this injunction was obeyed.

The boatswain, who had drunk too much the night before, and, as called, and, putting them on, Jack had truly imagined, had completed the rest of his dress, and quitted the room.

(To be continued)

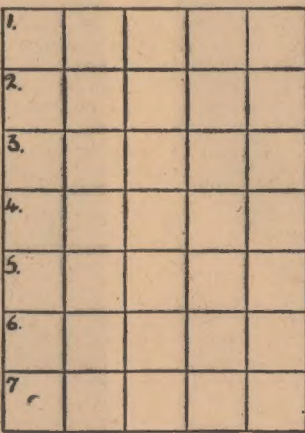
PUZZLE CORNER

When you have filled in the answers to the clues given below, you will find the centre column down gives you the name of one of the liberated countries:—

- 1. A joint.

- 2. Proficient.
- 3. Fragrant, soothing.
- 4. A finger or finger's breadth.
- 5. The select portion.
- 6. The frog of a horse's foot.
- 7. The musical scale.

(Solution to-morrow).



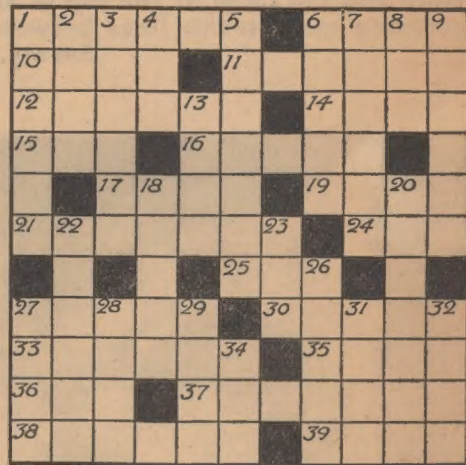
Jack Greenall Says Ain't Nature Wonderful!

THE AARD VARK.

DRUNKS have signed on the dotted line after seeing milder things than the Aard Vark. His ears are askew, his head looks like a bottle, and he's covered with coarse bristly hairs. Taking him all round, he's got to be seen to be believed. He blitzes ant-hills, eats the terrified occupants, plays merry hell far and wide, and has a tongue coated with a glue-like substance. Did you ever hear of such a tough? He can dig faster than a man with a shovel. I am well aware this is no criterion, but he can. They bury natives in the holes he digs. One look from an Aard Vark is enough to kill anybody. By this time I hope you have grasped he's best left alone.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

SPOT CAUSED ARRIVAL IRE COAL BLAZES H TEAL NECK EGO DEAN T TERSE LEVER N ONUS ODE CUFF POST C HIATUS LINO AND RECOVER RESENT WEEB



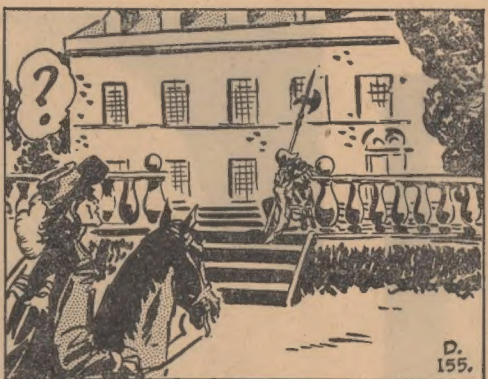
CLUES ACROSS.—1 Formed. 6 Look after. 10 Relax. 11 Unparalleled. 12 Bird. 14 Big cask. 15 Drink. 16 Girl's name. 17 Fodder rack. 19 Donation. 21 Give a claim. 24 Put. 25 Tree. 27 Trusts. 30 Restrict. 33 Press chief. 35 Mathematical curves. 36 Moose. 37 French wind. 38 Considered. 39 Despatched.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Composed. 2 Bad weather. 3 Look. 4 Go. 5 To wear well. 6 Shin-bone. 7 Peers. 8 Fruit. 9 Loathe. 13 Send out. 18 Bolt. 20 South American. 22 Simpleton. 23 Fish. 26 English county. 27 Attend to. 28 Old spear. 29 A certain amount. 31 Extra. 32 Tip. 34 Free.

RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE





HOW THE OTHER CHAP LIVES.—These men are G.P.O. linesmen. It's their job to repair the telephone lines—and after heavy storms or snow, believe us, there's plenty to do. Here you see them at the top of an H-pole with six-way arms carrying main trunk lines between Cobham and Witley, in Surrey.



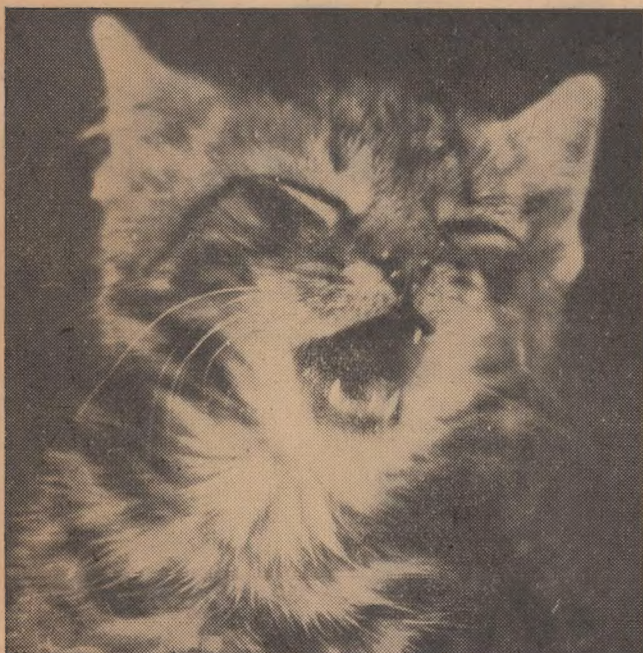
OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Good heavens!
I'm airborne."



★ THE BUNNY - HUG. ★

—We never thought much of the life led by a tame rabbit—living on dandelion leaves and cabbage stalks and all that—until we saw this picture. Now we're not so sure—if you see what we mean.



"ENOUGH TO MAKE A CAT LAUGH—that's what it is—to see that stuck-up Ship's Cat, moved from his own familiar corner and pushed up to the top of the page."



★ "ENOUGH TO MAKE A BLOKE SCREAM WITH RAGE—that's what it is—to have somebody send you a bottle of hair-restorer for a birthday present, when you really wanted one of those cocktail-shaker feeding bottles."



"ENOUGH TO MAKE A DOG HOWL—that's what it is—to find yourself on the back page of Good Morning with that insufferable caption-writer trying to make bad jokes about you."